tain uneasily-"this is Miss Stockdale, Mis" "I've heern of her," muttered the woman

coldly. "Wanter-wanter to see Mis' Tarbox," burst out the Captain, as if each word were wrung from him bodily. "She's washin', she wunt come-she," hesitated Mrs. Wilkins.

"Go on, please," said Marguerite, gently; "you mean she does not like me-would not see me." "Yessum, she's old, ye know, an' comin' to the poor-house is allus looked on 'bout here as a sorter disgrace, an' she losin' Mason an' her home, too, hain't made her none too frenly to the wurld."

"Poor woman," said the sweet voice; "will you tell her, please, that Eric Stockdale's daughter is here to make atonement for her father's

The woman returned quickly with a frightened face. The steam of the washing followed her, hanging about the room with a chilly damp-"No one carn't move her," she said, with a

warning glance to the Captain, "an', Miss, really she do take on dreful. "I guess we'll be goin'," said the Captain hurriedly. "It can be done in writin', Miss Mar-

The girl shook her head. She had been patting the baby's caeek with her soft hand. "Come, Sol, you and I will go see Mrs. Tarbox." With gentle dignity she passed both objectors and went down the narrow steps to the kitchen. It was a dark, low room with a rusty stove, covered with a wash boiler and a big kettle of pea soup, the pauper's dinner. On a bench by the fire sat the crazy Swede, muttering to himself in his own language, no one knows what vague hopes and pathetic remembrances, while the whirr of a saw sounded from the open shed door where the blind man, with marvelous accursey, was sawing wood. Over the fire, stirring the clothes in the boiler, or whirling a big spoon around in the soup to keep it from "catchin" was a quaint, small woman clad in a worn calico, a gingham apron, a faded shawl pinned about her shoulders and a worn plack cap over her white hair. Her dark eyes were dim with weeping, her face deeply lined with the wrinkles of age and sorrow, and her poor fhands distorted with rheumatism. She gave a sharp, birdlike glace at the stranger and drew up her straight, little figure. Though so poor, she was exquisitely neat, and the remembrance of happier days had given her a brave bearing in adversity. Sol stepped towards her.

"Here's Miss Margreet from Seal island," he said eagerly, "now. Mis' Tarbox, she's come to do right by ye. She never knowed bout the Argosy, fur I told her myself." "Sol speaks the truth," cried Marguerite.

clasping her trembling hands tightly. "You see I could not know, and now that my father is dead and I have heard of this, I know it is my duty to make amends. My lawyer in New York has seut me some of my fathers papers. I shall leave no stone unturned to pay back, if there was robbery and want of faith.

"Dead is he?" muttered the woman barshly; God's vengeance was so slow. If you knew how long, how faithfully I've prayed for him to get his punishment, you'd wonder I wouldn't rejoice more that he is dead. But it wa'n't no vengeance," she went on gloomily. "All of us must die; that is the common story for good and bad; and he kept rich and died prosperous after a happy life, not broken by age or suffering. And they tell me he died peaceful-himand God forgive me, but my man died wor-rited an' worn by long sickness, an' my son is drownded in the sea, an' I carn't see no jestice in a Providence like that." She picked up the clothes-stick, stirring the clothes in the boiler with nervous haste. The cloud of steam envelops everything, dripping on the walls in great beads. The Swede mumbled sourly while the blind man stopped his work a moment to listen to the strange voice.

"Let me tell you?" pleaded Marguerite. TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.

NINE WOMEN TO ONE MAN. Result of a Long War in a Peaceful and

Luxurious Country. Boston Transcript. Paraguay is surely one of the most favored lands on earth. There, he says, no insane love of gold compels the heart to questionable deeds. No political situation harasses the mind. The very atmosphere treathes peace. The air is coft and balmy, inviting to repose, and prolific nature, throwing about everything her garment of rich vegetation, supplies man with all he needs, and beautifies all that his eyes rest upon. Paraguay is, indeed, almost a fairyland of romance, so beautiful are its manifold attractions. The native portion of the population is a remnant of the tribe of Guarani Indians, one of the loftiest tribes in the grade of civilization of all the American race. But nothing astonishes the visitor to Paraguay so much as the vast pretion. The proportion is something like nine to This is the result of a long and very fierce war, in which the Guaranians followed and supsported a cruel and ambitious ruler through indescribable hardships and sufferings. This war ended only with the death of the man who waged it, and has reduced the whole population to about one-sixth of what it was twenty years ago, leaving only women and boys. These women (this writer continues) are as beautiful and fair to look upon as can be found in any part of the

They are of medium height, rather slight and lithe, with finely molded limbs, small, pretty hands and feet, and figures of matchless grace and beauty that would serve for models of the sculptor's art. Their carriage is so easy and natural as to be almost the poetry of motion, for the freedom from high-heeled boots and tight clothing has left their step light, supple and strong. Their dress is of the simplest form; a shirt falling to below the knees, and a shoulder covering not unlike a shawl-both of pure white and adorned with pretty native lace. They are gracefully worn, and bewitchingly serve to half reveal and half conceal the form beneath. In the midday slests they ar fond of lying languidly in their hammocks, sipping their mate and singing in their low, sweet voices, yet sad and with a touch of melancholy the "narancaros," or songs of the orange gatherers, or those other strange weird songs of theirs whose words are all of love. Indeed, what need to do aught else in a land so blessed

as theirs? Living entirely upon fruits and vegetables that are secured with but little effort; unmoved by the ambitious schemes of the money-making Europeans, upon whom they look with question-ing wonder, and possessed of languid, voluptuous natures that are fostered by the climate, what else should they do save love, and dance, and sing? Dancing is their only pastime, and into that they throw the whole spirit of their joyous nature. The slightest excuse is all that is necessary for getting up a ball, at which the whole neighborhood at once assembles. The girls and women are dressed only in the robes described. The men wear white linen trousers and red ponchos. The dances are in quaint original figures, but nearly always very graceful. Sometimes the festivities will be kept up through the entire night, after which the participants will gaily return to their occupations, of whatsoever nature, always contented, always happy. Sometimes there will be a grand contribution picnic, at some distant point, where the dancing will be kept up the round of a whole twenty-four hours. For truly these people live but to be happy through the livelong day.

After reading this one is not surprised to hear that many visiting Europeans. Englishmen among the rest, have settled down in the country. "Who would not rather become a lotus-eater among the lotus-eaters, and settle down upon the sunny hillside or shady river banks amid fragrant and fruitful orange groves, to forget a regretted past, and live only in the happy present, waited upon by the simple white-robed Indian woman-devoted, affectionate and surpassingly fair?"

Do Figures Lie?

Spence's Paper. Do figures lie! Let us see. Two women had thirty chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.
One sold her chickens two for \$1, getting for her thirty chickens \$15.

The other sold hers three for \$1, getting for her chickens \$10. This made \$25 realized on the sixty chickens. The merchant called to divide the money

"You sold your thirty chickens two for \$1, and you sold your thirty chickens three for \$1. That makes sixty chickens at the rate of five for \$2. Well, five into sixty goes twelve times -twice twelve is twenty-four. That makes \$24 your chickens brought."

But as shown abeve, the women actually had \$25 in their pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right. Do figures lie!

Sheridan's Lust Ride. At an entertainment at this place last June, shortly after Sheridan was stricken, J. W. Thompson was announced to read "Sheridan's

Ride," to which he added the following But Sheridan rides on his last long ride, And his life goes out like the ebbing tide; As his war-horse bore him from Winchester town-And the Nation stands sadly with 'bated breath, While the hero of Winchester rides bravely to death! Down through the mist of the Nation's tears,

He goes with his glory—the glory of years— From the fame of that day, from the land he helped To the home of the hero-past the gloom of the grave. WINCHESTER, Ind.

ADELAIDE NEILSON'S HOME

A Summer Trip to the Yorkshire Birthplace of the Beautiful Actress.

Humble Birth and Early Life of the Future Queen of the Stage-As Errand-Girl and Factory Hand-Her Discovery of Her Birth.

Special Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. London, Aug. 11.-The American tourist in the Yorkshire region of England is apt to seek first the village of Haworth which the fame of Charlotte Bronte has made interesting, and then go to Guiseley, the home of the great actress, Adelaide Neilson. It is a trip of seven miles from Bradford to Guiseley, and the ride through the country is exceedingly pleasant. Guiseley, like Haworth, has grown considerably of late years, and now it is more of a manufacturing town than a village. In the girlhood of the actress it had but one school-house and two churches, but now the public schools, as well as the railroad station. attest the fact that the place is of importance as a manufacturing center, and possesses all the accessories of a growing town.

No region in England is richer in historic association than this same Yorkshire country, but one has to have a knowledge of its past or be rich in the personal acquaintance of its accomplished historian, Mr. J. Horsford Turner, to appreciate the fact fully. Mr. Turner is, by the way, an old friend of a Yorkshireman whom we all love, Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, and he is consequently genial and hospitable toward all who are from his friend's adopted country. To know Mr. Turner and his books is to be fitted to appreciate Yorkshire, and all things animate and inanimate in it.

Fortunately for me I had the additional ad vantage of a long-standing acquaintance with one of Mr. Turner's gifted townsmen, Mr. Wm. Scruton, to whose friendly service I am indebted for much that I learned of Adelaide Neilson and her family.

This unprepossessing town of Guiseley was her home from her fourth to her seventeenth year, and the few people here who remember her at all have much to say of her gentle, winsome ways and her remarkable beauty of person. Her mother and her stepfather moved to the place from an adjoining town soon after their marriage, taking with them this little girl, who thereafter was called Lizzie Bland. Her mother's maiden name was Browne, and her child had been styled Lizzie Browne after her.

Mr. Bland was a paper-hanger by trade and was a good workman, so that soon after they were established in a small habitation in a section of the village called Green Bottom, he obtained steady employment. An old Yorkshire woman who knew the household at this time, said that Mrs. Bland had a sad, soured nature, but that Luzzie was a "bonnie lass," with her long curls, and her eyes that "looked the love right out of you and took it to herself." This was the happiest time of the child's life, before there were other children to divide her mother's attention, and while she was yet young enough to feel no care of life. She did not then know that she was branded with the shame of illegitimacy. or that the comonplace man whom she thought her father was not related to her. Recalling the lovely being we knew as Adelaide Neilson, and her appearance in such roles as "Juliet," "Viola," Cymbeline," and "Pauline," it was hard imagine her the child of such a home and such surroundings as were depicted before Disenchantment is the portion of all who go to Guiseley with any hope of finding a bright background to the early life of this woman, whose exquisite personality commanded the admiration of all hearts. I could not learn of a romantic incident connected with the young girl's career; I could but recall the pathetic. wistful look often seen in her great, luminous eyes, and understand it in the face of all these revelations. There was a tightening of the heart-strings as I listened to the kind soul who chatted with me in subdued sadness of the little girl she had known so well, who had gone away

come back "a grand lady." All contradictions of Neilson's nature understood thoroughly well before had left her old acquaintance, and I could but wish that those who have harshly condemned the great actress could have heard this loving, loyal tribute to a dutiful daughter, who was as well a household drudge and factory girl at one and the same time. 'Unquestionably Adelaide Neilson was the most remarkable product of this place," I said to my friend as we walked away. "Yes," he answered, and then, with a deprecating shrug of the shoulders, he added: "And she was not

native to the soil, nor had she more than half English blood in her veins." He went on to say that Mrs. Bland had once told him that her daughter was born at Leeds, and that her father was a man of high birth. His name or any other particular relating to him she would never tell, and now it was too late to hope to learn anything further of the parentage of her gifted child. Putting all I had gathered of the facts of Mrs.

Bland's life together, I concluded that in her early girlhood she had been very much in love with some star actor, who played as engagement or engagements at Leeds (where she was a member of a stock company for several years), and that the little Lizzie was his child. That this man was fond of her and of the child is attested by the letters he wrote her, and which were one day found and read by the eleven-year-old girl, who came upon them as she was searching in a forbidden bureau-drawer for something to read. Mrs. Bland preserved with zealous care her old stage studies and the letters of her lover after she had married Mr. Bland and become the mother of several children, and she had a difficult and awkward role to play when the little girl confronted her with the knowledge of her-self which she had gained, and demanded to know all that was to be told. It has been thought by many that the girl at that time made her mother promise never to reveal the name of her father, or to betray the fact of her illegitimacy. Mrs. Bland kept her promise until her daughter died, and then she told part of the truth. She was aprious to have it known that Adelaide inherited her artistic talent from her, and time and poverty had worked such a halo over her early career that she now believed she had been a real actress herself in the days when she was in the stock company of the Leeds theater. She was always a weak, vain and sentimental woman, but it is due her to say that she deeply and devotedly loved her child; in fact, with the perversity of our common human nature, she felt a far deeper affection for this offspring of passion than she did for the legitimate issues of her very commonplace marriage. The child felt all this, while she keenly realized her mother's dis-honor, and she never forgot it while she lived. As I look up and down the village street,

where she walked day by day, serving her mother as errand girl, or nurse for the younger children, I thought of the wonderful courage and ambition that impelled the poor girl to study and strive, believing that her destiny was to be different from that of her associates. It is a singular fact, but there is but one place in Guiseley associated with her in the least. The house she lived in in Green Bottom has been torn away, as also the factory she worked in, long ago. The parish school-house, where she studied for a little time and outstripped all her companions, has been removed, and also the old church in which she attended Sunday-school Strange to add, the house which the famous actress bought and gave to her mother as soon as she had earned money-and which she had

once visited—it, too, has been taken away.

The home of Mr. Padgett, where she was employed as a nurse, is the only place there that can, by any stretch of the imagination, be linked with her name, and, unfortunately, it was closed and the family were away. I wanted to see Mrs. Padgett, who knew the unhappy girl well and had used her influence to keep her from leaving her family. But the motives which led her to decide upon this step, I think are easy to understand. She was a very beautiful and peculiarly magnetic being, and she was gifted and ambitious. She encountered disagreeable acquaintances among the factory men and boys whom knew, and she hated the sordid life of care and trouble her mother endured. It all combined to weaken her self-respect, and at last, driven to desperation by an insult which she received from a source not to be expected, she resolved to go away and never return. She was attached to her family, for her nature was such that she could not live without affection, but she was determined to leave the hated place and try to earn a living in London. Fortu-Cately for her she was aware of her talents and knew just what she wanted to do, and the fact

The road that she followed the night that she left the home of her kind employers-Apperly bridge which she crossed to reach the station where she took the train that was to bear her a part of her journey—look to-day as they did on that night so long ago, but a sympathetic stranger sees them through fast-rising tears.

Poor girl, she had to tread the pleughshares

that her parents had both been on the stage

made her sure that she could succeed in that

with bleeding feet and a hungry heart! Who shall condemn her faults or parade her sorrow-

Mrs. Bland is still living near Guiseley, and I was anxious to see her, though I knew that her mind was well-nigh gone, and nothing was to be gained by the visit. Those who had known her in other years told me that she was an utterly uninteresting person at best, but I wanted to see her, nevertheless. Her home is in a suburb called Yeadon, and the house is a little brick cottage, one of four, standing on what was called Swaim Hill. I am sure I do not know why it was called any kind of a hill, but I went on to the last of the four houses, in which Mrs. Bland has been living for the past few years. She is hardly responsible for the impression she creates now, and I must not say much of that visit. She is a wreck, drifting until the tide comes in that will wash her out to the eternity

beyond our human horizon. Mrs. Bland is a tall, spare woman, perhaps pretty once, when her eyes were bright and her complexion good, but the face one sees now is gray, and grim, and cold. She had a faded-out look, and an air that made me think of theatrical tatters in every sense of the word. Her voice was harsh and vulgar, and her manner so superficial that it would require much more accurate knowledge than Galton has given us in his study of "Heredity" to understand the reasons for relationship between this woman and her daughter. Adelaide Neilson's soft eyes looked down upon me from photographs hanging on the wall, and the poise of her exquisite head was outlined before me as I noted the ill-shaped form of her mother. A remark that was once uttered by Miss Neilson was recalled as I watched with kindly feelings this greatly-to-be-pitied woman. "My life was once horrible," she said to an acquaintance, who had been talking with her of her triumphs. I understood it better, and also the woman who made

it, after seeing her mother. It will be remembered that Adelaide Neilson was for fourteen years the wife of Phillip Lee, and that the earlier part of her married life was extremely happy. Knowing that the father of her husband, the Rev. Mr. Lee, Stoke Bruen. Northamptonshire, was deeply attached to her, and that her summers were spent with his family at their pleasant parsonage home, I tried to find out if Mrs. Bland could tell me something of them. "No!" "Had she ever met her daughter's husband?" She shook her head, saying, "Adelaide was an angel upon earth, but she is dead." The woman who lives with her ventured the remark that she seemed to think a great deal of her daughter's death, but she rarely spoke of her other children, all of whom were dead save one son. The friend with me observed that Mrs. Bland had never been to her daughter's grave, and the woman added that this was true, and that she did not go to the funeral. I learned that the mother never received any of the souvenirs given her celebrated daughter in various parts of the world, and that she had few reminders of her later life. She treasured the little dresses that her daughter wore as a child, and also a hat and a pair of shoes which were hers in babyhood. I soon realized that I knew more of the career

of the actress than did those from whom I was trying to gain information. The visit was painfully disagreeable; the surroundings stifled me; I felt that I must leave that stuffy, garish room, and be out under the trees and hear the birds sing again. It was all sadly disappointing, and for a long time I felt depressed and miserable. Then my thought flashed to that flower-covered grave in Brompton Cemetery, within sound of the roar of Lon-

don, and I was comforted, knowing that with it all-life's shadows and sunshine-she had done forever, and "Gifted and Beautiful," she was "Resting." LAURA C. HOLLOWAY. "Resting."

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

No Room for Him. Brooklyn Eagle. "I hear," said Mr. Glummer, "that young Giddy has gone to the insane asylum." answered his partner; "business troubles?" "No; loneliness. He married a girl with a mission about a year ago, and has only seen her twice since, and both times at board meetings."

Deficient Mentally. New York Sun.

brains.

Dumley (whose credit is not first-class)-I say, Brown, can you lend me \$10 for a few days?" Brown (rejuctantly pulling out a roll of bills) -I-er-s'pose I'll have to, Dumley. Dumley-Thanks. You seem to have plenty of money, old fellow. Brown-Yes, I seem to have more money than

A Severe Test.

Minneapolis Tribune. "I love you and will marry you," said the Iowa girl to her Chicago lover. "if you will satisfy me on one point-that you are not an An-"I will do it if it costs me my life," he said,

shutting his teeth hard together. "I will take

"Noble, generous Alphonse; I am yours." Grace After Meat.

Hard-working Tramp-Haven't you got a cord or two of wood you want sawed after breaktast?
Astonished Housewife (eagerly)—Indeed I have, and I want it sawed right away.

Hard-working Tramp (eagerly)—It's a go! Eats breakfast for three, and rises up to go, remarking, "I'll keep my eyes open, and if I see a man in our line who looks as though he would like to saw that wood I'll send him along."

An Essential Preliminary.

Burlington Free Press. Young Man to County Clerk-Say, I want a marriage license.

Cierk—Lady's name, please.
Young Man (astonished)—Got to have that in? Clerk-Of course.

Young Man-Well, say, you be kinder niling the thing in, and I'll run around the corner and hunt up somebody. You see I'm a stranger in town and I didn't know you had to get the girl

She Knew What She Wanted.

One philanthopist has gone wrong. She was from the flower mission, and as she entered the dingy hallway of that East-side tenement house, she seemed to brighten everything around her with the sweet influence of chairty. "I called, Mrs. Flannery, to ask you what

kind of bouquet you would prefer for Sunday. We are to have a large lot from a Hudson river greenhouse, and I thought I would give you your choice."

"Hivin sev yez," said the poor woman, "an bring yez long life, an' if it's th' sem t' yez, Oi' like a cabbage-flower, an' a cauliflower, an a bate-flower, an' a squash-flower wid' a few shprigs av pertaty flower an' corn-flower, and all shprinkled over wid common, ivery-day flour, me leddy."

The Number of the Stars.

Professor Holden in August Century. The total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6,000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon, as eastly as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or 3,000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration, it is not likely that more than 2,000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by any ordinary eye. About 2,000 other stars are so near the South pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6,000 supposed to be visible, only 4,000 ever come within range of our vision, unless we make a journey towards the equator.

As telescopic power is increased, we still find stars of fainter and fainter light. But the number cannot go on increasing forever in the same ratio as with the brighter magnitudes, because, if it did, the whole sky would be a blaze of starlight. If telescopes with powers far exceeding our present ones were made they would no doubt show new stars of the twentieth and twenty-first, etc., magnitudes. But it is highly probable that the number of such successive orders of stars would not increase in the same ratio as is observed in the eighth, ninth and tenth magnitudes, for example. The enormous labor of estimating the number of stars of such classes will long prevent the accumulation of statistics on this question; but this much is certain, that in special regions of the sky, which have been searchingly examined by various telescopes of successively increasing apertures, the number of new stars found is by no means in proportion to the increased instrumental power. If this is found to be true elsewhere, the conclusion may be that, after all, the stellar system can be experimentally shown to be of finite extent and to contain only a finite number of stars. In the whole sky an eye of average power will see about 6,000 stars, as I have just said. With a telescope this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful telescopes of modern times will show more than 60,-000,000 stars. Of this number, not one out of a hundred has ever been catalogued at all. " . . In all, 314,926 stars, from the first to the 94 magnitudes, are contained in the northern sky? or about 600,000 in both hemispheres. All of these can be seen with three-inch object-glass.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla never before equaled its resent daily record of marvelous cures

Knee-Deep in June. Tell you what I like the best-Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon,
Like to jes' git out and rest,

And not work at nothin' else! Orchard's where I'd ruther be-Needn't fence it in fer me! Jes' the whole sky overhead, And the whole airth underneath— Sorto' so's a man kin breathe Like he ort, and kindo' has Elbow-room to keerlessly Sprawl out len'thways on the grass Where the shadders thick and soft As the kivers on the bed Mother fixes in the loft Allus, when they's company!

Jes' a sorto' lazen' there-S'lazy 'at you peek and peer Through the waverin' leaves above, Like a fellow 'at's in love And don't know it, ner don't keer! Ever'thing you hear and see Got some sort o' interest— Maybe find a bluebird's nest Tucked up there conveniently Fer the boys 'at's apt to be Up some other apple tree! Watch the swallers scootin' past Bout as peert as you could ast; Er the Bobwhite raise and whiz Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow;
Er a hawk way up there,
'Pearantly froze in the air!
Itear the old hen squawk and squat
Over every chick she's got,
Suddint-like!—And she knows where That air hawk is, as well as you!— You jes' bet yer life she do!— Eyes a-glitterin' like glass. Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Pewees' singin', to express My opinion's second class, Yit you'll hear him more or less; Sapsucks gittin' down to biz, Weedin' out the lonsomeness; Mr. Bluejay full of sass In them base-ball clothes of his, Sportin' round the orchard jes' Like he owned the premises! Sun out in the fields can sizz, But flat on yer back, I guess, In the shade's where the giory is! That's jes' what I'd like to do Stiddy for a year or two!

Plague of they ain't sompin' in Work 'at kindo' goes agin My convictions!—"long about Here in June especially!— Under some old apple tree, Jes' a-restin' through and through, I could git along without Nothin' else at all to do, Only jes' a wishin' you Was a gittin' there like And June was eternity!

Lay out there and try to see Jes' how lazy you can be! Tumble around and souse your head In the clover-bloom, or pull Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,
Maybe smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold, and white, and blue!
Month a man kin railly love—
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

March ain't never nothin' new! April's altogether too Brash for me! and May-I jes' Brash for me! and May—I jes'
'Bominate its promises—
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land—
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds and a sprout or two—
Drap asleep, and it turns in,
'Fore daylight, and snows agin!
But when June comes—Clear my throat
With wild honey! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you, at that! And obleeged to you, at that!

-James Whitcomb Riley.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Hide the Scars. Oh, shadowed lives, where e'er you be, With mournful eyes that only see Your garden of Gethsemane.

No longer sit from dusk till dawn, With trembling lip and cheek of wan, By sorrow's stream-your Babylon.

Though grief may gnaw your heart in twain, Hide, hide the scars, and tears restrain; Take down your harps and play again. Sing, though the hours be sad and long,

For, always mind the passing throng, There's some one waiting for your song. And lips compelled to drink the rue, The bitterest that ever grew, Still make no sign what e'er you do. Smile, though your heart be full of dole,

Though every smile your line control Is o'er a death-bed in your soul. Shroud, shroud your dead and quickly pile The sod above them; all the while Some one is waiting for your smile.

Laugh and be gay, for this I know: The world loves not the face of woe-Loves not to see the tear-drops flow. And you who bear the sword and shield, Whose hearts are but a battle-field, Where neither side will ever yield,

Call you no roll when battle's done, Make no report at set of sun; The world cares not which side has won. But, though your wounds be running red,

Be sure, ere yet the day is fled, To shroud your soul's unburied dead. -Belle Bremer. Written for the Indianapolis Journal.

On the Prairie. Across the dewy prairie

Beyond the new-mown hayfields, And through the tasseled corn.

Upon the silver-maples
It lifts the swinging leaves,
And steals a subtle sweetness
From rows of golden sheaves. And in the sunny orchard

The harvest apples fall, While from the tossing branches The saucy jay-birds call. In crinkled, fringy clusters The scarlet poppies burn,
Where softly opening, eastward
The yellow sunflowers turn.

And nibbling in the garden, Between the cherry trees, I see a robber-rabbit Among the pink sweet-peas.

While with a fitful fanning, The lazy wind-mill swings, About the bloomy peaches A robin-redbreast sings.

And in the far horizon . There dwells such tender hue, These azure cornflower blossoms Are not so sweet and blue.

-Evaleen Stein. Written for the Sunday Journal. To One in Sorrow. The dainty rose I hold here in my hand With its fair tint and heart of perfume rare, Found not its sweetness in a day or hour,

Burst not in perfect splendor with no care.

And breathe its odor rare it speaks to me, Of rain and tempest, cruel snow and frost And burning heat thro' which it came to be. No perfect thing is won except thro' pain,

Even as I look into its crimson heart

No soul retrieved save thro' repentant tears; And somewhere in each human heart there lies A germ of youth unfaded by the years. Oh, aching heart, that thro' long hours of woe Hath borne so patiently life's heavy cross. Look up with joy, remembering that the gain Which shall be won o'erbalances the loss.

No voiceless prayer wrung from the depths of wee Was ever lifted heavenward in vain. Sorrow endureth only for the night, And joy is born from bitter pangs of pain. And so rejoice even when you sorrow most.

For your redemption surely draweth near.

Ah, would that I that baffling touch might know,

When you have won the crown of perfect faith His loving hand shall banish every tear. -Mrs. D. M. Jordan. Written for the Sunday Journal. Baffled.

That oftentimes, as on a sounding-board, Strikes in my soul a strange elusive chord; That, grieving me with unremembered woe,
Yet hints as surely of some long ago
Glad life and joy, in golden wealth outpoured;
Till all my waking memory beats accord,
And throbs and strives to grasp and prove it so. But still when most I feel its essence burn, It sinks back fettered, with a nameless pain;

Yet evermore I know it must return With sense of truth, that battles to be plain; And in this subtle consciousness, I yearn For that full knowledge, which I seek in vain. -Evaleen Stein.

What Is Rosewood?

St. Nicholas. It has been a great mystery to many young persons why the dark, rich-colored wood so much used for furniture should be called "rose-wood." Its desp-tinted, ruddy-streaked surface certainly does not recemble the rose, so we must seek some other reason for the name.

Here it is: When the tree is first cut, the fresh wood exhales a very strong, rose-like fragrance, which soon passes away, leaving no trace of the peculiar odor. There are several varieties of rosewood trees; the best, however, are those found in South America and the East Indies. and neighboring islands.

Too Pretty for Asbury Park.

New York Special. The society for the suppression of improper bathing costumes at Asbury Park has scored a great victory. Late yesterday afternoon a comely young woman, wearing a rather short skirt, a decollete waist, and white stockings, got into the surf before the watchful females on the beach spied her. As soon as the unusually attractive costume came within their angle of vision, an officer was summoned and requested to remove the chic young woman who wore it. The officer hurried down to the water's edge and yelled himself hoarce in vain. The fascinating offender neither saw nor heard him. At the suggestion of an Ocean Grove elder, who stopped in his stroll on the beach to give vent to his indignation at the fair bather's impudence, a male bather was persuaded to act as messenger and fetch her to the officer. When, amid a growd of grim old women and gaping young men, the offending young girl was told of the complaints entered against the scantiness of her apparel, she blushed, burst into tears, and then fled to her bathing-house with the words: "Why, I wore it all last season at Rockaway."

Hannah Is All Right.

New York Tribune.

It is highly proper to pay a brief tribute of respectful admiration to Miss Hannah Donovan. of Boston, who, on Sunday last, rescued a young man from drowning at Nantasket beach. From the piazza of a cottage she saw his desperate plight; accoutered as she was in the habiliments of fashion, she plunged into the water and swam to his assistance, and kept him afloat until his friends reached the spot in a boat. Moreover, when he had been carried ashore it was she who furnished the needful alcoholic stimulant. It is to be hoped that the young man was worthy of such a gallant rescue, but, however that may be, we venture to observe with all due deference that there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with Hannah.

American Girls and Peers.

Lord Vernon will be rather surprised to find his peerage described by a contemporary as "one of the richest in England," for it happens to be just the reverse, and the wealth of the present lord comes from his wife, who was an American heiress. It has been suggested as an argument in favor of the retention of our peerage that it is the means of attracting much American money to England, owing to the transatlantic heiresses marrying peers. There really is some-thing in this; but the heiresses would be as ready to marry peers were they deprived of their legislative functions, provided that they were allowed to retain their titles.

## What a Time

People formerly had, trying to swallow the old-fashioned pill with its film of magnesia vainly disguising its bitterness; and what a contrast to Ayer's Pills, that have been well called "medicated sugar-plums"-the only fear being that patients may be tempted into taking too many at a dose. But the directions are plain and should be strictly followed.

J. T. Teller, M. D., of Chittenango, N. Y., expresses exactly what hundreds have written at greater length. He says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplanted all the Pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will at all compare with them. Those who buy your pills get full value for their money."

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